ANDROID™

# NETRUNNER™

THE CARD GAME

## ANDROMEDA

She ran her hands over the soft linen, smoothing out any wrinkles and making sure it hugged her figure just right as she emerged from the hallway. Before, she could hear the low thrum of the music. Now, inside the damper field, she could feel as well as hear its overpowering, deafening bass.

The speakeasy was a collage of strobing lights and glitzy revelers, filled with the sort of enervating energy that speaks of an obsession with ennui. Three glasses of brightly-colored fizz drinks were offered to her in quick succession as she navigated her way toward the center of the room. She ignored them all, even a Silo Red, her favorite. Plenty of time for that later.

"Andy! Over here!" Elizabeth Sun waved a hand in her direction. She was flanked by a pretty hispanic girl and a dapper young pale-skinned man, neither of whom Andy had ever seen before. "It's been so long! Where have you been, dear?"

Elizabeth cleared her throat and introduced her companions. Andy instantly forgot the latina's name, but the man's was memorable: Jeremiah Levy. *Levy. Levy. A Levy cousin, perhaps?* A snatch of her afternoon feed popped into her head: *"...large private donation to the university is its biggest in history...."*

Levy had a perfectly slicked full head of pecan hair, and was wearing a button-down jacket and crimson tie. A surreptitious scan with her PAD showed there was nothing easily jack-able on him. She would need direct access. With a start she realized he was studying her as well; their eyes locked, and he turned away, blushing. *Still just a kid,* she thought.

The chat was dominated by Elizabeth, as usual. Andy found herself only half-listening to the latest gossip and cutting remarks being shouted out above the pounding music. She cast sidelong glances at Andy whenever she could.

Finally another group approached theirs, and Andy took the opportunity to draw Jeremiah aside. His eyes were wide. He tried to tell her something, but it was too soft and lost in the noise. She laughed anyway, and leaned in close.

"You want to have some fun?" she shouted into his ear.

He glanced around nervously and then shouted back. "What sort of fun?"

"Why don't you find out?" She slipped her hand into his shirt, then drew him after her with his tie. He followed like a puppy. *So easy.*

She brought him into the private booth and slowly reached into her dress, pulling out a small e-card. "Give me your PAD."

"Well..." She leaned in and kissed him, softly.

He handed her the PAD, and thrust forward for another kiss. She placed her finger on his lips as she drew back. "Not yet." She scanned the card with his PAD, and it flickered with a blue glow. In a matter of seconds she had loaded a scene and jacked its vitals. Now she could gain remote control of the device from Mars, if she had to. She flipped the device back to him; he almost dropped it. "Do you have a plug?"

Levy ran his hands through his hair. "Maybe I do. And maybe it's a Cybersoul." She cooed in mock admiration, and he grinned with pride. "What would I 'scape?"

"Only one way to find out..."

She left him in the booth, sprawled on the purple upholstery, eyes half-closed, lost in a fantasy. With access to a Levy, it wouldn't be long until she could check out that new donation. A good night already, and the night was still young. She snagged a blood red drink from the tray of a passing Eve, caught the eye of a well-dressed ristie, and with a coy laugh disappeared into the crowd.

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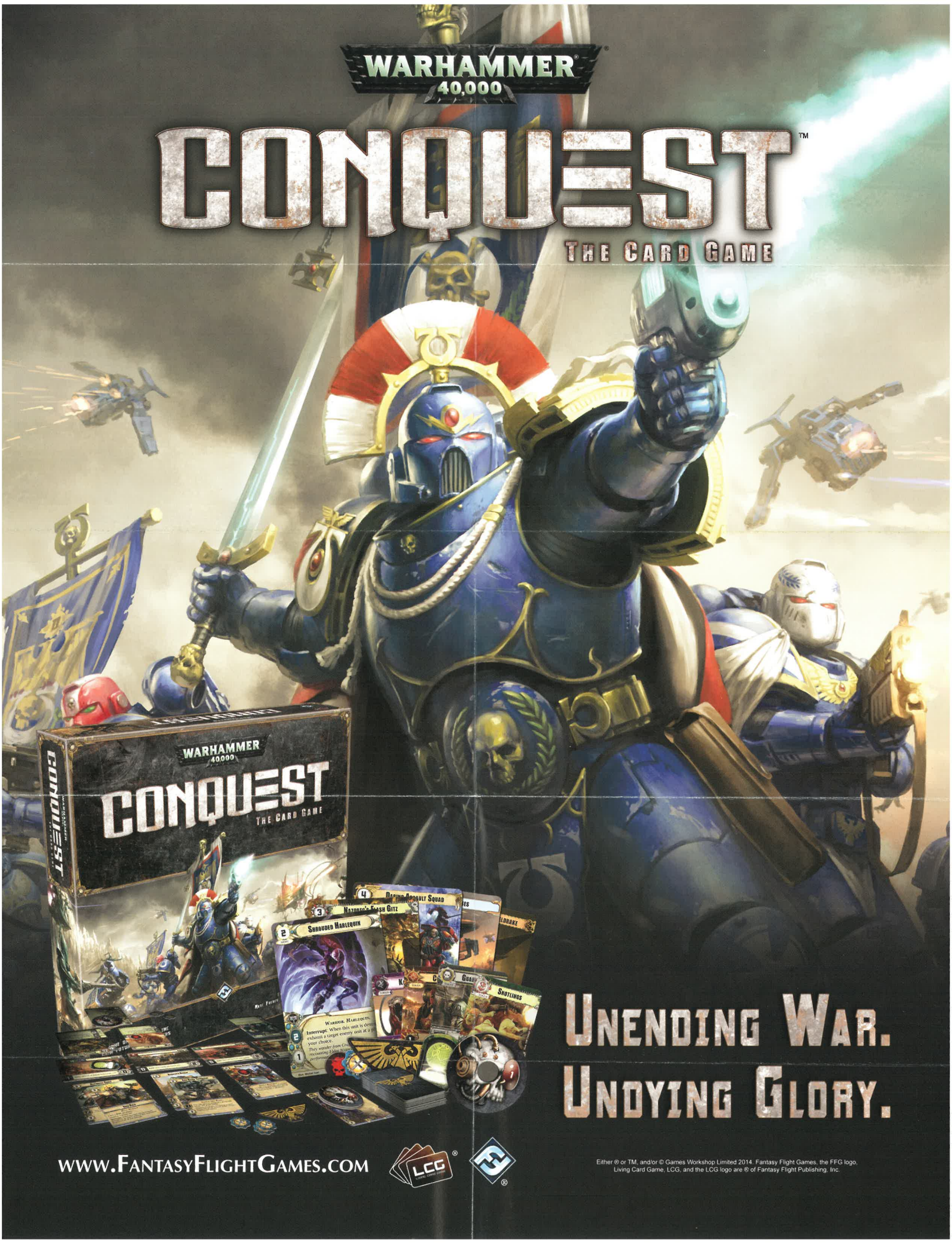


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